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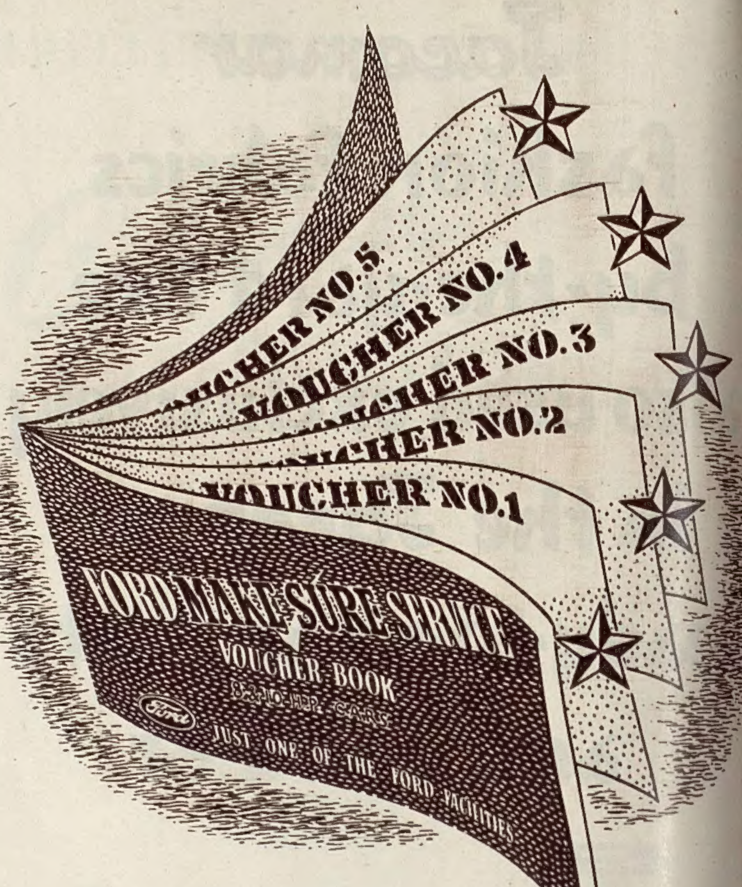

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1951

AMERICAN "SHREW"

LOVELY Patricia Morison has made her first trip to England to star as Katherine in Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*, a musical comedy based on *The Taming of the Shrew*, and due at the Coliseum on March 8. Miss Morison created the part on Broadway, playing it for the first seventeen months of the show's successful run.

The Belvoir Hunt, led by Huntsman George Tongue, moving off from Belvoir Castle, home of the Duke of Rutland, joint-Master.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

IT is difficult when one has passed life's meridian to have new experiences. We have to take our pleasures and excitements in a variation of what has gone before. Therefore, I was intrigued when it was suggested by the ruling potentates of Alexandra Palace that I should appear in their Saturday-night television programme and be interviewed about my visit to America.

On arrival at the Palace a competent young person at a desk informed me that I was to go to Dressing Room No. 2. This in itself was an engaging prospect. Was this to be a costume-piece, or did they intend to drape me in the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes as a new Statue of Liberty? However, No. 2 Dressing Room alone held the secret, and we made our way there along a vast, narrow corridor.

No. 2 was not at all what I expected. It is true that there were mirrors as in theatre dressing-rooms, but actually a number of people were partaking of light refreshment, including the wine of Scotland.

I was particularly interested in a tall, elderly man with humorous eyes and a Shavian beard who had a spaniel on his knees. He turned out to be Lord Dunsany, whose works I had often read, but whose person I had never previously gazed upon. Then there was Leslie Mitchell, who, over the years, has compèred so many hesitant broadcasters into comparative coherency.

Competent young women were coming in and going out; a lady who had made a wonderful book (not on the horses) seemed very modest; and Lord Dunsany was arguing that he would as

soon cut off a dog's leg as crop its tail. He pulled the spaniel's ear to see if it agreed, and the spaniel looked at him with that complete unsubtle devotion which spaniels command with so little effort.

"You will, of course, discuss the art of writing," said Leslie Mitchell hopefully. "For instance: How does a writer get his idea?"

"I got the idea of a dog's tail," said the famous poet, "because I understand dogs."

Leslie sighed and took a philosophical bite on a sandwich. Ian Coster suddenly appeared at the door. He had previously conferred with me on what we should talk about, always a pleasant experience with Ian, but the onus of actual performance had passed to Leslie Mitchell.

About twenty minutes later I was taken to another dressing-room, where two alert young people, complete with a full supply of rouge, lipstick, hair dye, brilliantine, and powder-puffs, sat me in a chair, turned on the full glare of the lights and studied the general effect closely. Beneath the glare I saw them exchange a glance of silent unanimity.

"We'll just powder your forehead a bit," they said, "so that it won't shine too much."

They could not have broken the news more gently or more revealingly. There was just nothing to be done—so why pretend?

AS Zero Hour came close upon us we were conducted to a stage, with a couple of chairs, a mantelpiece, and a copy of *The Sketch* on a table, and Leslie Mitchell and I took up a nonchalant position by the mantelpiece. A huge camera on wheels trundled towards us, looking with its crew rather like a 9-pounder going into action in Korea. The handsome and intelligent Joan Gilbert, who is in command of this Saturday-night feature, was nervously calm, like all real artists, and cast her eye in all directions to see that the reinforcements were in their allotted places when my piece was over.

"Silence everyone!"

Lord Dunsany gently stroked the spaniel's ear.

"Silence!" bellowed someone else.

"SILENCE!" I don't know who that was, but he had a voice like Jove summoning his chariot.

The camera crew advanced an inch or so and covered us with the barrel of the gun. There was a signal and, facing another camera away from us, Joan Gilbert told the viewers who, if anybody, I was and how I had just come back from that distant land.

So Leslie and I began to talk. After a minute or so we left the mantelpiece, strolled down to the two chairs, sat down and continued to talk. And gradually I began to realise that television is so much more personal and intimate than normal broadcasting. When one broadcasts it is into the mouth of a microphone—not a very inspiring listener—and there is a curious consciousness that the element of sight is missing and that you are simply a disembodied voice. Both the broadcaster and the listener could cock a snook at each other without impairing the performance in the slightest degree.

By contrast, at Alexandra Palace I found myself not only acutely aware of Mitchell as my sparring partner, but equally aware of the unseen people who are looking at us. It seemed quite natural if there was a controversial point to turn to the unseen viewers in order to try and carry their judgment.

We were nearing the end of this, the opening feature, and I was trying to summarise in a flashing phrase (if it would only come) my impressions of America, when 20 yards away on the stage a most dazzling creature appeared in the traditional ballet costume of tights and very short frilly pants. Unmoved by my eloquence, she proceeded to bend her knees, extend her arms and generally behave like a swan wakening after a night's repose. Then she was joined by a dark young man who paid no attention to her but twirled a bit and then sat on a table and rested.

The lady with the remarkable book who was to be the next attraction stood stolidly and looked at nothing. Lord Dunsany pulled his beard and took the spaniel on his knee. Joan Gilbert signalled to us that our time was almost up.

Leslie, who had turned our conversation to Jamaica, got up like a perfect host to indicate that it was time I went.

"What did you like most about Jamaica?" he asked.

"The sun, the sea and the singing of the Calypso."

"Well, you won't expect a Calypso at the House of Commons."

"No," I answered. "But we are hoping for a Colapso."

It was a terrible pun, but inevitable. There was a moment of awkward silence. Somehow the conversation on America had not ended quite as expected. But Joan Gilbert moved gracefully to a camera, and a few seconds later Leslie Mitchell was showing a deep interest in the wonderful book of the nice lady.

SHORN of my passing glory as the guest of honour, I suddenly declined to the status of a nuisance, a body that was always in the way. Again and again I was moved this way or that to get out of the way of the camera. Two Frenchmen appeared and did things at a piano. Then Lord Dunsany talked about the wickedness of docking dogs' tails, while Leslie Mitchell tried to get him on the subject of writing.

"You might as well take the rudder off a ship or cut it down to make it look better," said his lordship, "as cut a dog's tail."

"How do you get your ideas as a writer?" asked Leslie, with a despairing firmness.

"I don't know," said Lord Dunsany. "You can acquire style and technique and that kind of thing. But the idea! It just comes—that is, if it does come." He pointed to the dog.

"Thank you, Lord Dunsany," said Mitchell, hastily. The camera swung round and faced the two dancers. Someone explained to me that there had been quite a row about it. The pretty lady was Baroness von Rosen and the piece that she was dancing with her partner was based on Strindberg's naughty play of a lecherous valet and the young and pretty Lady Julie. But the ballet called for the tearing-off of her skirt, leaving her revealed in the costume I previously described.

With a perfect combination of tactfulness and wisdom Joan Gilbert had persuaded them to do the whole number minus the skirt. Thus the lady was revealed at once in her panties or scanties, and thus was decorum preserved. O God! O Montreal! O Alexandra Palace! There was no blush on Britannia's cheek that night.

So the programme proper came to an end at nine o'clock precisely, and then all of us who had taken part met in a heap before the camera and engaged in friendly conversation, which became even more animated when someone brought us four tiny lion cubs which we held in our arms and remarked upon their sweetness. It didn't seem to surprise anyone that the cubs were there—not even the spaniel complete with tail.

The cast adjourned to Dressing Room No. 2, where there was a new supply of sandwiches and the wine of Scotland. Each of us told the other how interesting he or she had been. Lord Dunsany asked me vaguely to visit him in the country, but did not say what country. The spaniel closed his eyes and went to sleep.

It was raining when we got outside. I agree that that is a totally irrelevant statement and has nothing to do with the case, but an article must end somewhere.

Beverley Baxter

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison

A PAIR OF QUEENS

Above: The Shah of Persia's wedding to Mlle. Soraya Esfandayiari—now Persia's Queen—was held in the ante-room to the Throne Room in the marble Palace of Teheran. Brilliant uniforms, dresses, lights, gave the Moslem ceremony a fairy-tale note, enhanced by the bride's silver and ice-blue lamé crinoline sparkling with crystal and jewelled embroidery—the imaginative creation of Christian Dior. In the glittering Hall of Mirrors distinguished guests offered their good wishes to the Royal pair. Persia's new Queen, granddaughter of the ruling chief of the Bakhtiari clan, has had a Western education, and will be the first bride of a Shah to be crowned Empress since the Arab conquest of Persia in the seventh century.

Left: A Queen-to-be is Miss Narriman Sadek, daughter of an Egyptian civil servant, the late Hussein Sadek Bey, whose betrothal to King Farouk of Egypt was announced in Cairo on February 12, the King's birthday. The same evening King Farouk, with his sisters, and the heir-presumptive, was a guest of his fiancée at her family villa in Heliopolis. Flags were flown in towns and villages, public buildings were floodlit at night, and ships in the harbours were fully dressed in celebration of the occasion.

LATIN-AMERICAN DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

IN this elegant New York dress of powder-blue Chantilly lace, trapless, with a brilliant-studded tole, Señora Francisco Linares rranged to attend last Thursday heir Majesties' party at Buckingam Palace for foreign Ambassaors and Ministers and their wives. eñora Linares is the vivacious reen-eyed, black-haired wife of e Guatemalan Minister, and one the youngest diplomatic wives vited to the party. Her main terest is her three-year-old son rnando ; but once a week, with everal English women friends, is taking lessons in interior decoration.

Photographed by Vivienne.

VIRGINIA McKENNA . . .

has the chance of a lifetime in the heroine's rôle of a new farcical comedy with a star cast—*A Penny for à Song*, by John Whiting—which opens at the Haymarket to-morrow (March 1). The stars in question are Ronald Squire, Basil Radford, Marie Löhr ; the producer, Peter Brook ; with décor by Emett. Virginia was discovered last autumn by H. M. Tennent's casting director Daphne Rye in the Dundee Repertory Company, rehearsing juvenile lead in Shaw's *The Apple Cart*, and a telephone call brought her the offer. Virginia's French-born mother is pianist and composer Anne Denys.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

FEB. 7.

Left: The Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, photographed in their London home after announcement of his appointment as Governor of Tasmania in succession to Admiral Sir Hugh Binney.

FEB. 8.

Right: Admirals Lord Fraser (left) and Sir Harold Burrough admiring the chef's surprise item at the Naval and Military Club Dinner.

NEW GOVERNOR OF TASMANIA.

SUGAR FRIGATE.

FEB. 8.

Left: Married at St. Michael's, Chester Square: Mr. Alaisdhair Bullough, younger son of the late Mr. Guy Bullough of Fasnacloich and of Mrs. Guy Bullough, to Miss June Ashby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. [illegible] F. Ashby.

FEB. [illegible]

Right: H.E. the Danish Ambassador, Count Eduard Reventlow, contributing a lucky penny to Miss Ursula Christensen's souvenir piggy bank at the Royal Empire Society's Danish Evening.

BULLOUGH — ASHBY WEDDING.

A DANISH OCCASION.

FEB. 9.

Left: Miss Muriel Gascoigne and Lord Carnegie grappling with a dance card problem at the Highland Ball at Hyde Park Hotel.

FEB. 9.

Right: Blowing their own trumpets to some purpose: a group of competitors practising for the "Blowing the Horn" contest at the Horse and Hound Ball at Grosvenor House. L. to r.: Messrs. R. J. Ryley, T. P. Davies, T. Weaving, J. Moss and T. Tilbrook.

AT THE HIGHLAND BALL.

WHAT ARE THEY SOUNDING?

Date... (Our Soci

T.A. BATTALION BALL.

CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.

FEB. 9.

Left: On the staircase at Hinchingbrooke Castle, above the Colours and drums of the 5th Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment T.A.: (L. to r.) Major and Mrs. Sandy, Mr. Bradshaw, Mrs. and Capt. P. R. Cheston, at the annual Officers' Ball.

FEB. 10.

Right: Capt. I. M. Thomas's (right) Welsh terrier *Twynstar Dyma-Fi* was adjudged Supreme Champion at Cruft's Dog Show.

UNIVERSITY POINT-TO-POINT.

A CHILEAN OCCASION.

FEB. 10.

Left: Miss T. Crosby (right) who won the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race at the Oxford University Bullingdon Club Point-to-Point on Mrs. F. Gaskell's *Don Isle*, leading Miss K. Tatham-Warter on Mrs. T. F. R. Bulkeley's *Seaward II.*, second.

FEB. 10.

Right: H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, Señor Don Manuel Bianchi (left), presented a signed memento to Sqn.-Ldr. Anibal Solminhiac, retiring Air Attaché, at a small reception. Ladies watching are (l. to r.) Mme. Alvarez, Mme. Solminhiac, Mme. Munoz and H.E. Mme. Bianchi.

NORMANBY — GUINNESS WEDDING.

PROFESSIONAL APPRAISAL.

FEB. 10.

Left: Married at St. Oswald's, Lythe, Yorkshire: the Marquess of Normanby and the Hon. Grania Guinness, daughter of the late Lord and Lady Moyne.

FEB. 13.

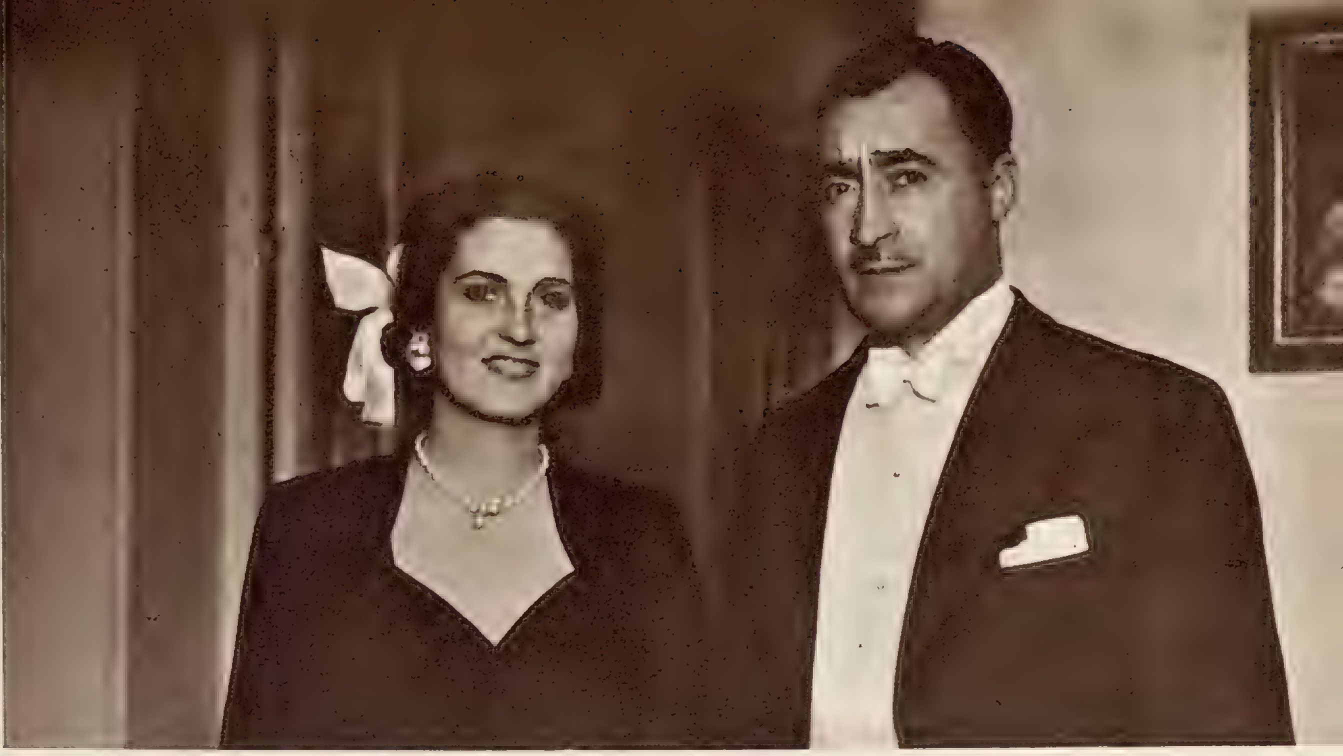
Right: Examining the exhibits with professional interest: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes at the Private View of the National Society's 18th Exhibition of Painting, Drawing, Engraving and Sculpture at the Royal Institute Galleries.

Book

Diary-Cont.)

FEB. 16.

Formally appointed to-day as Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, the Duke Miguel Primo de Rivera expects to leave Madrid with his Duchess on March 14 for England. London's newest diplomatic hostess is young, wealthy, elegant, and a member of the Larios family. The Duke's father was the late General Primo de Rivera, who seized power in Spain in 1923, and held it for six years. Mme. de Rivera had exciting adventures visiting her husband in prison after his arrest by the Republicans.



BRITAIN'S FIRST SPANISH AMBASSADOR SINCE 1946.

FEB. 16.

Left: Off to Richmond Ice-rink, where masses of people defied 'flu to watch the world's fastest, most breath-taking game. Tough Oxford and Cambridge teams swirled round the rink, Oxford winning by 6 goals to 3. Here, G. M. Pilkington, Cambridge defence-man (left) intercepted a pass by P. Almond, Oxford forward, who tried to break through to goal.

FEB. 17.

Right: At the Cambridgeshire Harriers' point-to-point meeting at Cottenham, among those present were (l. to r.) Mrs. S. Fairbairn and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hughes-Hallett.

UNIVERSITIES' ICE-HOCKEY CONTEST.

HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT.

FEB. 17.

Left: At the meet of the Middleton at Westow a family party: Lady Irwin with joint Masters Lord Irwin and his father, Lord Halifax. A big field and masses of foot followers saw presentation of silver cigarette-box to Lord Grimthorpe—Master for fourteen years—by Lord Middleton.

FEB. 19.

Right: Lord Stopford gave a pre-wedding cocktail-party for his fiancée, Australian Miss Patricia Winthrop, in Knightsbridge. Their marriage date was fixed for February 23. The groom-to-be's parents, Lord and Lady Courtown, of Eire and Buckinghamshire, were among the guests.

HUNT MEET.

ENGAGEMENT PARTY.

Datz-Book (Abroad)

JAN. 31.

Kitzbühel. Lots of English at American Mr. Harry de Pauer's cocktail party. He veers between Washington and Austria; was entertaining in chålet of Princess Christl Windisch-Graetz. *Left:* Capt. Michael Naylor-Leyland and good-looker Miss Susan Hornby. *Right:* Miss Ruth Montagu, little Prince Toni Windisch-Graetz who did the honours in mother's absence, and Miss Sheelagh Maturin-Beard.

COCKTAILS AT KITZBÜHEL.

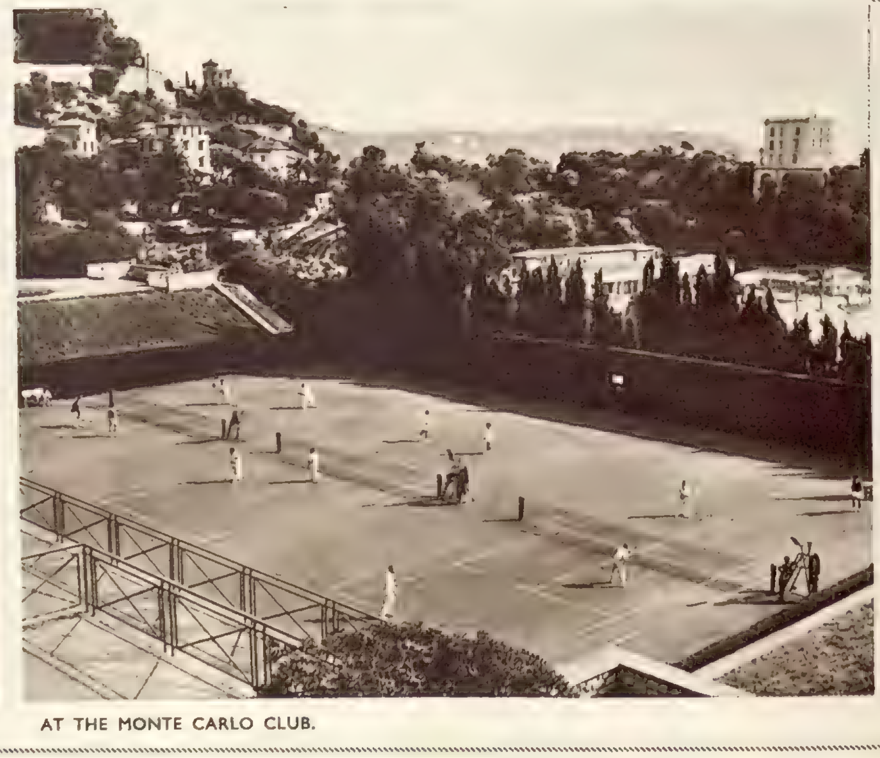
FEB. 5.

Still **Kitzbühel**, but daytime and wintersporting. *Left:* Tramping after ski-run—Miss Georgina Fox and her mother, the Hon. Lady Gifford Fox. *Right:* Lady Cunliffe-Owen at the Ehrenbachöhe, due to leave with husband Sir Dudley, for Davos. Snow conditions excellent, but no plethora of sunshine. Night life very gay, and Praxman's, The Reich, Goldene Gams, and Manetta's new night-club are doing well, even though avalanche scare *has* rather reduced numbers of wintersporters.

SKI-ING TERRAIN.

FEB. 13.

South to Monte Carlo, where skies burst with spring sunshine, and reservations pour into the big hotels in record-breaking fashion. There 's that extra £100 to spend in leisured luxury before April's here! In the pictures: nostalgic view of Monte Carlo's Country Club, during lawn tennis contest (now annual) for Reginald Purbrick Cup, between International Club of G.B. and the Monte Carlo Club. The latter the winners. Smaller picture shows Lord Rothermere, a member of the British team, in action.



AT THE MONTE CARLO CLUB.

Photographed by Baron.

MRS. MICHAEL WEST.

ONE of London's hostesses out of town at the moment is Mrs. Michael West, who is with her husband, Major-General Michael M. Alston-Roberts-West, D.S.O. and Bar, G.O.C.-in-C. British Troops in Austria. Mrs. West, who was Miss Christine Oppenheim before her marriage, is fond of riding and hunting, and is interested in modern painting.

c

Candid Cameo

MARGOT FONTEYN

By Collie Knox

WERE the British dock-worker as concentrated in the pursuit of his art as Miss Margot Fonteyn is in hers, not a few of our present troubles would be unloaded. When I arrived at Covent Garden Opera House to keep an appointment with the first great ballerina ever produced by an English company, Miss Fonteyn, newly-arrived home after an exhausting and triumphant tour of Canada and the United States, was relentlessly rehearsing *The Sleeping Beauty* for the opening of the new English season. Presently there came to me, as I sat waiting for her on a three-legged stool in the stage doorkeeper's cubby hole, a message to say that she would be with me as soon as she had snatched a quick cup of tea.

Knowing the topography of the Opera House, I accepted this as something of an overstatement. So that their dancers shall not lack exercise in the intervals of rehearsals, the Directors, in their infinite naughtiness, have installed the refreshment canteen at the back of the gallery. Frequently, even ballerinas get lost in the maze of corridors and staircases, or are wedged for days in an antediluvian lift which Mr. Waygood-Otis should be the first to regret. Sometimes half a corps de ballet is missing amid the labyrinths, and many a rescue party is never seen again. I remembered—as two Covent Garden porters called each other names in the tiny street outside—that it had been said of Miss Fonteyn that "she has gained enormously in speed and elevation." Sitting on my stool, waiting for her to descend from the stratosphere, I prayed that the first would be proved as true as the second, as I glanced at the clock with far from dancing eyes.

At that moment a slim form, 5 ft. 4 ins. in height, weighing 112 lb., with big black eyes, black hair, and poise in abundance, glided into view. "Mr. Knox?" she enquired. I nodded briefly, and we trotted together up unglamorous stairs into a dressing-room that most stars would scorn to be seen dead in. Miss Fonteyn removed her coat and waved me with singular grace to an un-easy chair. "If you wish to know what I do in my spare time," she twinkled, "it is trying to find my way to, and from, the canteen in this theatre. Were I a millionairess, I would build a beautiful rehearsal club for ballet dancers, where they could eat and rest. As it is, so many members of the Corps de Ballet, girls and boys, come to work from homes outside London, and there is nowhere for them to go between rehearsal and the show at night, except," she added sadly, "to cinemas where they spend money they cannot afford, and to dingy cafés where they eat tasteless sandwiches."

Here, sitting opposite me, was not only a darling of the gods, a dancer of limitless range whose legs (surely insured) have an infinite capacity for taking strains, and whose ghostly *Giselle* has brought lumps of emotion into a thousand-and-one throats including my own, but one who had not forgotten, amid present glory, what it means not to be a star.

"By the way," she said suddenly. "Don't say that ballet dancing is fun, will you? It isn't. Except in the sense of being able to give new interpretations—a fresh slant—to classical ballets." Miss Fonteyn took a deep breath, and I slipped in with: "In fact, you have to be constantly on your toes." This, with a light laugh. The big black eyes gazed sadly into mine, and I repented of my levity. She told me all she owes to Dame Ninette de Valois, how fortunate she was to have joined Sadler's Wells almost simultaneously with Frederick Ashton, and a lot about Robert Helpmann. "It is marvellous," she cried, "what de Valois has achieved. Not only has she great organising ability, but her foresight is uncanny. You agree?" I replied I couldn't agree more, but that I had come to hear Margot talk about Fonteyn. "Oh, I'm hopeless at interviews," she exclaimed, rising to her tiny feet and switching off an unshaded light that had been giving me hell. "When I was at the Circus last year," she said, "a reporter popped up from nowhere, and asked me what was my favourite hobby. I told him it was 'watching circuses.' Then I once remarked about the craze for jitterbugging, and next day I read that I was mad about it, which I am not—and my fans were livid with me. Actually, I adore ballroom dancing."

Realising it was now or not for a long while, I put to her the question she has been asked ten million times. "What is your favourite ballet. *Giselle*?" Miss Fonteyn's neat little forehead puckered in thought, and I awaited the revelation. None came. She has no favourite ballet. She loves them all. "If you were to enquire," she said, "how often I have danced *The Sleeping Beauty* I would reply—at least 600 times. When I have no performance at night—for I do not appear in every ballet during a season—I have a good dinner. Good food is of the utmost importance to ballet dancers. Our work is very exhausting, and how we shall make out on the current meat ration I cannot imagine. All these rehearsals—no time to eat but just to drink tea. Ballet is terribly exacting." She sighed.

This refreshing *première danseuse*, claimed—and rightly—by contemporary experts to be classical, romantic, saucy, ethereal, witty, tender, sad, tragic and triumphant, was born on May 19, 1919, in the not noticeably ethereal county of Surrey. She is the daughter of an engineer, and has been dancing all her life. At the age of fourteen she joined Sadler's Wells Ballet School under de Valois, having been educated at Louisville, Kentucky, and, not a little surprisingly, at Shanghai. In 1935, Markova left Sadler's Wells and the Fonteyn guardian angels leaped to action-stations. Would a new star be hired? No. The mantle fell upon little Miss Margot, and she took it with both feet. Since then she has adorned every rôle she has interpreted. She is a true classical dancer, a mistress of attack and of technique. Balletomanes sit hushed as she makes her first entrance and illumines the stage with her special radiance. No poet has, as yet, penned a sonnet to Margot Fonteyn's grace, but it is only a matter of time before Christopher has a jolly good Fry. She is enthusiastic about her forthcoming film—the first ballet-only film ever to be made—of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Robert Helpmann and Michael Bentall are writing the story and working it all out, and Korda is to give the result to an eager world. This is Margot Fonteyn's first important film. It should gather in a shekel or two.

Her climb to the top of the ladder has surprised her immeasurably. "I found classical ballet terribly difficult," she confessed. "I never expected I would rise higher than the Corps de Ballet. I have had wonderful luck, haven't I?"

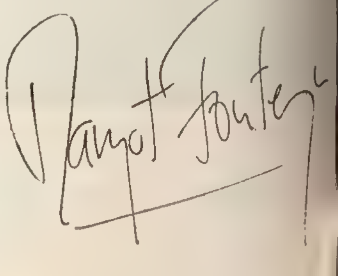
I rose from off that ghastly chair. "Yes and No." I replied. "Luck always counts, but you have superb talent. You have worked harder, and much more gracefully than any Covent Garden porter, and you deserve all you have attained—even the Opera House canteen tea."

Thus did I leave the Fonteyn-head of British ballet—to coin a phrase.

★

Who . . . Me?

I AM amazed to discover that I am a serious and sad character. Hardly a sentence passes my lips unaccompanied by a sigh. . . . Ballet is so difficult—so exacting . . . you must not say it's fun . . . the poor Corps de Ballet . . . and so on. I had always pictured myself as a carefree giggler who wouldn't exchange dancing for any other pastime for all the money in the world. Probably fifteen years of trying to pick up that mantle with both tiny feet have had a more sobering effect than I had realised!



Photomontage by Angus McBean

PORTRAIT OF A GREAT BALLERINA: MARGOT FONTEYN

HOLLYWOOD HOME OF THE STEWART GRANGERS

NO palatial film-star edifice for newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Granger (Jean Simmons), but the charm of low white walls, Spanish tiles, a lovely garden, and views from a hillside house built on four levels. Here you find them fully established in their new home at Bel-Air, in the hills adjoining Beverly Hills and Hollywood; in their rose-garden, with Hollywood spread out down below; by their big, heart-shaped swimming pool; and enjoying a game of backgammon on the domestic hearth. One would say, an ideal honeymoon location.

This hilarious number, dominated by a favourite New York comedian, Sam Levene, includes Robert Alda, Vivian Blaine, Pat Rooney, Sr., Tom Pedi, B. S. Pully, Johnny Silver, Stubby Kaye.

A DAMON RUNYON MUSICAL HIT: "GUYS AND DOLLS" ON BROADWAY

ONE of Broadway's biggest, most lavish musical hits of many seasons is the literal translation to the stage of a Damon Runyon story, *Guys and Dolls*, at New York's 46th Street Theatre. With a slick, first-class cast, top-heading dance numbers, top-hit songs, such as *A Bushel and a Peck*, *If I Were a Bell*, *Guys and Dolls*, to name a few, added to the basic foundation of Damon Runyon story and characters, the show is a tremendous success. It is staged by George Kaufman; with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser, and brilliant settings and lightings by Jo Mielziner.

The feminine leads, Vivian Blaine and Isabel Bigley, who add their high spirits to this entertaining super-musical, are both known in London. Miss Bigley in *Oklahoma!*, and Miss Blaine at the London Palladium and at a Royal Command Variety performance.

And here: Stubby Kaye—who is making his "legitimate" début after trouping in vaudeville, entertaining at supper clubs—as Nicely-Nicely Johnson, a typical Runyon personality, with handsome Robert Alda as Sky Masterson, and Vivian Blaine as Miss Adelaide.

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
That is to say, from the radio team: Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley.

PRESERVING MR. PANMURE (Aldwych).
Preserving Pinero as well.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT. (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Duke of York's).
Theatrical vigour in Anouilh's controversial play.

THE GAY INVALID (Garrick).
A queer medley: French-without-tears. Elisabeth Bergner and A. E. Matthews.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

LITTLE BOY BLUE (His Majesty's).
Emney and Hearne in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

HENRY V. (Old Vic).
Harry, England, and Saint George!

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello returns as the King in his own "musical," with Vanessa Lee as the Queen.

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

THE FOL-DE-ROLS (St. Martin's).
The end-of-the-pier in the West End—and very nice, too.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Savoy).
A bubble of comedy.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace.)
The Crazy Gang—all over the place.

HOME AND BEAUTY (Wyndham's).
Maugham's chuckling farce.

AT THE THEATRE

★ First Choice ★

THE CONSUL
(Cambridge)

SOMEONE at the Cambridge was heard to murmur that she had enjoyed it all so much that she quite forgot they were singing. Patricia Neway and her colleagues may hold that the praise is mixed. I don't think so. Such a comment as that—and no doubt many people matched it—is a tribute to the fierce excitement of the performance, the art with which Gian-Carlo Menotti has wedded music and libretto. I am not sure that "enjoyed" is the right word. "Admired" would be more apt: the realistic opera is a test for the nerves. Menotti spares us nothing of the agony of the trapped persons in a Continental country (unnamed) who wait for ever for permission to pass through the iron curtain to another land.

In outline it is grimly simple. Patricia Neway is the woman who seeks so urgently for a visa that will enable her to join her husband (hunted by the secret police) on a road to freedom. The Consulate to which she applies—we see only the Consul's shadow, and that for a flitting second—is a cruel land of hope deferred. It exists upon mounds of papers, festoons of red tape. Bureaucracy rules. To get by the cold, watchful secretary is a giant's task. The applicants, lined upon the Consulate bench, are like people in a nightmare whose feet are so weighted that they cannot escape their pursuers. Or they are like the poet's man on a lonely road who walked in fear and dread. Always a "frightful fiend" is at their back.

Gian-Carlo Menotti tells his story with so much harsh power, in both music and text, that you have never to make the usual allowances and say: "After all, this is an opera." It is both opera-and-play: it is presented by a cast of singers-and-actors. The whole thing strikes in a strong, inescapable lunge at the emotions. Patricia Neway, dark, pale, hollow-eyed and desperate, carries the piece forward with extraordinary power—I am fully conscious of the adjective—and Norman Kelley, as the urgent magician who tries to conjure himself past all barriers (here will be an awkward part to cast in future), and Gloria Lane as the Secretary, are perfectly in key.

In the last scene the piece becomes "symbolic-expressionist": the magician turns to the figure of Death. You need not worry if expressionism and symbolism are not usually your cups of tea or nips of wormwood and bitters; I think you may agree that Menotti is justified here. And if you are troubled (needlessly) about operatic conventions, remember our friend who "quite forgot they were singing." I can promise you a fully theatrical evening, and that is much.

Norman Kelley as Nika Magadoff

Marie Powers as The Mother

Patricia Neway as Magda Sorel

Russell George as John Sorel

. with J. C. TREWIN

Leon Lishner as Chief Police Agent

Gloria Lane as The Secretary

MAN AND SUPERMAN
(New)

AT the end John Clements wished that Shaw had been present to hear the cheering. I wish he had: I think he would have found Clements well cast: here are the charm, the flashing glibness, the arrogance, though maybe Tanner's full sense of his own importance is missing. At heart Shaw might also have liked the way in which Kay Hammond's ringdove cooing added a new note to the often too sternly considered figure of conquering Ann Whitefield. We are used to seeing Ann played as the New Woman. Kay Hammond sees her as the oldest of women—Eve: it is a witty, seductive, hubble-bubble performance. The piece wears finely, in spite of an inexplicable dull patch (during the first act) that is like the "coal-sack" in the Milky Way. With D. A. Clarke-Smith's porcupine-prickling as Roebuck Ramsden, a part that suddenly fades; Barbara Everest as Mrs. Whitefield of the "muddled shrewdness"; Peggy Simpson as the far from shrinking Violet; and Michael Medwin as 'Enery the engineer, the Shavian slings and arrows are in expert care. The revival will run: this comedy is the Belle's Stratagem, and while Kay Hammond and John Clements are begging to differ for nearly three hours, there is plenty to hold the mind. It remains only for Mr. Clements to add the third act, Don Juan in Hell (it is cut as usual), and to blow off the roof.

★

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
(St. James's)

KILL Big Business, Mammon, Materialism, and the pigeons will fly again and the world will renew its youth. This, or something like it, is the pith of the queer piece by Jean Giraudoux. The scene is Paris "next year." Big Business, proposing to dig up the city for the sake of the oil beneath it, is foiled by the Madwoman of Chaillot and her friends, including a wildly voluble Rag-picker. The flit-flutter first half on a café terrace—set ingeniously by Christian Bérard—has an imaginative glint. The second half, after its opening scene between madwoman (Martita Hunt) and sewer-man (Bill Shine) moves into tedium; I suggest that one trouble here is the failure of the actor who plays the Rag-picker to enliven a long and important scene. The whole symbolic-fantastic venture hovers vaguely on the rim of success, but (for one spectator at least) it gets no further. Martita Hunt keeps Aurelia of Chaillot splendidly under control; the maypole of a woman, always saner than her companions, is never overdone. Angela Baddeley, Jane Grahame and Veronica Turleigh enjoy themselves as three other local witches.

Next Stage

DAME EDITH EVANS'S next London play will be *Waters of the Moon*, a comedy by N. C. Hunter. She will appear in this (for Tennents) as a wealthy woman, snowbound—with her husband and grown-up daughter—at a small and isolated hotel in the country between Christmas and New Year's Eve. Frith Banbury produces, and the piece will open at Brighton on March 26.

Flora Robson, back from New York and *Black Chiffon*, was in the stalls at *Man and Superman* the other night. Her next part will be Paulina in *The Winter's Tale*, with John Gielgud and Diana Wynyard, and Peter Brook producing.

KING OF SCOTS

Many will be delighted to know that William Douglas Home's *The Thistle and the Rose* (staged by Linnit and Dunfee) will reach London during the Festival of Britain. This is a romantic-historical play, covering the reign of James the Fourth of Scotland. Some of us noted the exciting qualities of the piece when Colin Chandler produced it at the Boltons in the autumn of 1949; we have waited for its arrival in the West End, where the versatile William Douglas Home is likely to surprise many.

ANOTHER FRENCH PLAY

Fay Compton will arrive at the Arts on March 15 in Jean Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*, translated by Charles Frank under the title of *Intimate Relations*. Kenneth Tynan produces the piece, which has now been given a licence for public performance. Norman Marshall staged a different version at the old Gate in 1940, with Martita Hunt.

WATERLOO ROAD

Peggy Ashcroft will have a stern task when she plays Electra (in the tragedy of Sophocles) at the Old Vic on March 13. Another fine actress, Catherine Lacey, joins the cast as Clytemnestra. Michel Saint Denis produces. Before this there will be *The Wedding* of Chekhov, produced by George Devine. After four weeks Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans are to be the Captain Brassbound and Lady Cicely in Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, directed by Hugh Hunt; and later, when the Festival of Britain is on, the Vic will have another Shakespeare play in its repertory *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

GETTING AROUND

John Harrison will produce *Hamlet* at the New Boltons on March 6, with David Markham and Jessica Spencer. . . . Ronald Jeans's *Count Your Blessings* opens on March 7 at Wyndham's. . . *To Dorothy, a Son* has reached its 100th performance at the Savoy, and Roger MacDougall's *Macadam and Eve* will soon join it in the West End.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

BROKEN CANES. By Peter Vansittart. (*The Bodley Head ; 9s. 6d.*)
LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY. By Hanama Tasaki. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)
SPACES OF THE DARK. By Nicholas Mosley. (*Hart-Davis ; 9s. 6d.*)
HIGH JUNGLE. By William Beebe. (*The Bodley Head ; 18s.*)

SURELY Mr. Vansittart's publishers could have discouraged him from the affected silliness of the autobiographical note on the jacket of his novel *Broken Canes*? After admitting that his chief interests are Music, Painting, Ballet and Cricket, and his hobby "writing poetry," and stating that he disagrees with the ideas of his namesake Lord Vansittart, he boasts—"No war service, no medals, no theories, no exotic interests, no cottage in Sussex, no wife." To which I would add no discretion and no good taste, and a few more violent negatives. As a rule I find that most of the soul-searching confessions or pieces of inverted snobbery which publishers have taken to printing on the back wrappers of novels are as unnecessary and often as unfortunate as the author's photograph which accompanies them. The wording of this one provides a particularly unhappy example and sends one to the contents of the book writhing with prejudice. Which is a pity, because the book is not without entertainment value. It is about an experimental school to which a young Hungarian goes as an assistant master. Frederic is a tiresome youth, with a priggishness which I take to be intended as "Continental" and an indecisiveness which makes his love-affairs unconvincing. The headmaster's wife gazes on him fondly, Sheila "a sort of matron here—don't let it put you off" pursues him with single-minded resolve, and he finally falls for a rather pleasant young woman called Anne. A board of enquiry into the affairs of the school by the local council makes a good bit of burlesque to serve as a climax, and some of the co-educated and wildly emancipated children are charming. But even in the writing of the book, in the author's search for startling phraseology and striking verbal effects, may be seen the same lack of discretion, the same undergraduate self-consciousness. "Tall vehement elms" seems to me quite meaningless, and a cyclist being "flayed by the tang of the wind as it burst and rang through the intricate branches," is sheer rhetoric. Then we have "the sky reeling away" and we are told that "nightly the stars flashed and wheeled above the sea, and by day the sun was set red and hard in a thin sky," while "many ardent thoughts" were in the hero, such as "sudden consciousness of youth, the naked sun, the speed of wheels, a diagonal of crows like a tousled kite string, the ceaseless mating of earth and sky, and the girl ahead, purposeful, crouching, setting the pace." All these bits of overwriting come from a single page.

LONG *The Imperial Way*, on the other hand, is a novel for the enjoyment of which some knowledge of its outward circumstances is essential. It has been written in English by a Japanese born on the Island of Maui, in the Hawaiian group, and educated in Honolulu and Ohio. He was conscripted into the Japanese Army and served three years in China, was later a war correspondent, and finally re-conscripted in 1942. The lucky freak of these circumstances being combined with narrative power and a gift of shrewd observation and implied commentary, has produced a book of paramount interest. It is the story of a simple soldier, Takeo Yamatoto, from the time of his arrival in China, where he finds that "the vastness of the countryside was terrifyingly depressing," through years of fighting and occupation duties and the loss of his great friend Miki—an incident most movingly told—to his own repatriation and discharge as a Private First Class. It is a story which must have for us a special interest, quite apart from its merits *as* a story, for here are interpreted intelligently, perhaps for the first time, all the enigmas and paradoxes which made us wonder at the army of our late enemies. There have been books by English and American ex-soldiers who fought the Japanese or were their prisoners, but here is one revealing the very heart of the Japanese soldier, a unique achievement and one which may be of real importance to the future understanding between nations. Moreover, this is one of the very best stories of life in any army to be published since the war. Mr. Tasaki really makes one know his men, the propaganda which drugged them all into both heroism and brutality, and the longings and love, the homesickness and humour which they shared with other soldiers everywhere. I hope that no one will be put off if I say that it is a duty to read this book.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES.
By H. J. Kaplan. (*Secker and Warburg ; 10s. 6d.*)
The post-war American expatriate colony in Paris seen by a certain Mr. Phineas Strauss. The characters are no more interesting than they look in the cafés round St. Germain des Près. A brittle, highbrow affair.

FISH AND COMPANY.
By Ralph Arnold. (*Heinemann ; 9s. 6d.*)
Murder mystery rather fastidiously told in an Italian setting. The characters are traditional—Colonel Straven, Mrs. Wallnutt, Lady Malmaynes, Mr. Puckle from Surrey, and so on, but the plot is fresh. If fresh is the word for a poisoning case.

A FLAME IN THE AIR.
By Allan Prior. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)
Lively and vigorous first novel with Fire as its theme.

MUSIC IN THE HILLS.
By D. E. Stevenson. (*Collins ; 8s. 6d.*)
A nice sentimental novel of the Border country by an author who, her publishers assure us on the dust-wrapper, was in the North Berwick Ladies golf team.

I COULD catalogue the faults of Mr. Nicholas Mosley's first novel, *Spaces of the Dark*, for a long time. It has the artificial violence of a stage thunderstorm. It is adolescent both in subject and treatment. It is full of strange oaths. It has that dated eccentricity of manner which causes many of its chapters to start with the word "And." It explains human motives meticulously, tediously and quite falsely. It leads nowhere and has a suicide stuck on the end of it like a nightcap. But I would like to recommend it to anyone who is interested in the contemporary novel as a medium from which there is still much to be expected, and I believe that it might easily be the first of a row of this author's books which would be of increasing interest and importance. For Mr. Mosley is clearly trying to say just what he means, no more and no less. The story is a sick and morbid one about a very young soldier returning from the war to the family of his dead friend John, with the uneasy knowledge that he, Paul, had shot that friend because of John's cowardice in action, and because, along with a great deal of repetitive introspection, there had come to Paul the realisation that by his cowardice John would endanger the lives of his men. Paul meets the dead man's sister and, at one of those Bloomsbury or Chelsea clubs which always crop up in novels of post-war London, a girl artist called Sarah Thorne who had known the dead John. He endlessly and wordily veers between these two, with John's mother and father and Sarah's last lover as chorus, until the final thunderclap of violence which ends the book. The story is as unreal as that, but it is vitalised by the author's savagely determined efforts to make it true and moving, and by something which shows through all the nonsense, something which, I believe, may well be the beginning of a strong creative talent.

DELIGHTFUL to turn from the self-conscious creations of novelists to the garrulously factual journal of Dr. William Beebe, director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, who takes us on an expedition to the Venezuelan Andes. He carries me with him from the fifth page. "In this world," he says with sententious flippancy, "there are two great wonders, one of life and evolution, and the other man's accomplishments in the inorganic world of mechanics. I have flown 'planes scores of times, yet I have not the foggiest notion of what makes the propeller go round, and why the wheels of a car revolve is wholly beyond my comprehension. A telephone is as mysterious to me as gravity, the radio as the rings of Saturn, while a 'plane is as inexplicable as a hummingbird." There will, I am sure, be countless readers who sympathise with these honest sentiments or who share them as I do. Dr. Beebe, however, has soon done with his reactions to aeroplanes as he begins to consider smaller flyers, moths, butterflies, hummingbirds, the mantis, the skeleton butterfly, the eucleid or hag-moth, which hangs by three front legs, the owl butterfly camouflaged by orchid petals—all of which are shown in his excellent photographs. A chapter such as his Battles of the Beetles is a good example of his amiable method ; it opens quietly with his first glimpse of the Giant Hercules beetle, whose flying had the effect of a "distant or diminutive helicopter," and goes on to describe dramatic struggles or fixed battles between the largest males, called Majors, which were 5 or 6 ins. in length, battles over pieces of banana or the attentions of females. It is technical and carefully observed, but it is also richly colourful and diverting to those of us least interested in abstruse problems of natural history.

Colour transparency by Baron.

FAMILY GROUP. Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip with their children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne—a happy family group in the private sitting-room at Clarence House.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET RETURN
TO COVENT GARDEN

Back from their success
on February 21 with a
décor by Oliver Messel,
are by

Scene from "The Sleeping Beauty": Colour transparency by Frank Sharman.

second American tour, the Sadler's Wells Ballet opened their new season at Covent Garden
evival of their colourful production of *The Sleeping Beauty*—choreography by Marius Petipa,
sic by Tchaikovsky—from which the above scene is taken. The surrounding drawings of dancers
ncis Marshall: most of them appear in *Sketching the Ballet* (Studio Publications).

Photographed by Antony Beauchamp.

GENE TIERNEY whose new film, *The Mating Season*, opened at the Plaza on February 9. In private life she is Countess Cassini, wife of Count Oleg Cassini, leading Hollywood dress designer. They have two small daughters, Daria and Christina.

RADIO.—Leslie Baily: For the gayest and most convincing feature script of many months—"The Wonderful Year 1851."

Frederick Laws

STAGE.—Patricia Neway: For the remarkable dramatic (as well as vocal) thrust of her performance in *The Consul*, Gian Carlo Menotti's opera-into-play, or play-into-opera, at the Cambridge Theatre.

J. C. Trewin

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

LITERATURE.—Mr. Hanama Tasaki: For telling us how a Japanese soldier felt, thought and behaved, and at the same time writing a fine novel—*Long the Imperial Way*.

SCREEN.—Yvonne Printemps: the wonderful, ageless, enchanting star of *La Valse de Paris*, who provides Offenbach with the inspiration for his operette about the immortal Helen. And few will ask why.

C. A. Lejeune

Miss Jeanne ("Johnnie") Bradnock, in her cramped wardrobe headquarters, discusses alterations to a dress with assistant Mrs. Friend (right).

The lawyer tries to instil some sense into the Communistic youth: a dramatic scene from *Counsellor at Law*. Abraham Sofaer (left) and Harold Reese.

"H 'interference from nex' door's television, Mum."

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

SOME time last autumn we came across the name of Mr. Paul Korman in an American magazine article. We made a note of it, together with two explanatory words: "Television tailor." For Mr. Korman, of New York City, was reported to be just that. In the States, land of specialists, where commercial exploitation is taken to the *n*th degree, the inauguration of such a trade would cause more interest than astonishment. In this country, whenever we have mentioned the matter, it has caused gales of disbelieving laughter.

But is it such a laughing business? Certainly Mr. Korman took it seriously enough. His was no catch-penny scheme to drag from actors their hard-earned dollars. He had studied the effects of various colours, material textures and cuts upon the television camera, which is apt to be a maddeningly capricious task-mistress in these matters. The fact that he appeared to be prospering indicated that he had researched to good purpose. Also it proves—if proof be needed—how much more seriously Americans take the clothing of their performers than do the British.

Laying comparisons aside, it still cannot be claimed that the sartorial standard of this country's television productions is any better than negative—not actually murdering the pictorial effect, but doing nothing to bring to it that extra bit of life. Ourself cannot remember a single instance when we have derived from our screen that particular thrill which a superbly dressed production provides. Yet the costuming—be it of a modern comedy, a period play or a revue—is just as important as the scenery. Costuming can abet or defeat the efforts of producer and actors; for is not television a visual art? Think back, regular viewers. Have you not been offended, time and time again, by the sight of some leading man in a badly pressed suit or a leading lady in an evening dress which, far from glamourising her, has made her look like a drab little hen? Remember *Vanity Fair*, with its creased, ill-fitting men's uniforms; or *Cinderella*, with its wigs that didn't fit and the fussy costumes that made the wearers completely shapeless? Alas! "Elegance" and "*chic*" do not seem to figure in Ally Pally's glossary.

Having delivered this broadside, we must in fairness add that this sartorial dereliction is in no way due to any lack of effort on the part of Jeanne ("Johnnie") Bradnock and her wardrobe department. With her we discussed the problems—and they are many—which face the dressing of the B.B.C.'s television. The besetting bugbear is space—or, rather, the lack of it. The wardrobe is still headquartered at Alexandra Palace, with its well-known cramped conditions. That means a small staff—four, apart from Miss Bradnock, to be precise. Just consider the number of programmes which pass through the hands of this gallant few every week. Then there is the time factor. "Johnnie" is lucky if she has the names, measurements and dress requirements of a complete cast a fortnight before transmission. So what happens? In the case of modern dresses, artists mostly provide their own, while 80 per cent. of period costumes are hired. And those costumes generally come from bought-up wardrobes from some defunct stage piece, designed for the theatre. The same would apply to the artists' clothes. Most of them are theatre folk and they dress accordingly. Television's needs in this direction are particular and peculiar. Not only is it still a black-and-white medium, but there are certain things the camera simply cannot abide. It protests against dead black or white; pale blue does not please it either, or any other pale pastel shade if it happens to come in satin. Horizontal stripes are taboo, likewise small checks; and any vivid contrast of shades in a dress will "kill" the face. Reds are not consistent. One camera will reproduce them in entirely different shades of grey from the next. Life, indeed, can become very trying for a television wardrobe mistress.

Paul Korman's research begins to assume a more important aspect. Sooner or later the same thing must be done in this country, for we shall not have properly dressed television until every costume is specially designed and made for the medium.

Bruce Gordon (centre) has scored a great personal success in the children's comedy serial, *The Man in Armour.* With him: June Sylvaine and Neil Wilson.

Gentleman Hillcrist (Arthur Wontner) and Cad Hornblower (Arthur Young) get to grips in Galsworthy's *The Skin Game*, produced by Royston Morley.

LOOKING BACK

IT may be that Elmer Rice's play, *Counsellor at Law*, has been televised more often than any other. That is not important. What does matter is that it should be done well; and Eric Fawcett's latest effort is surely one of which he can be proud. It was quite the slickest production we have yet seen; almost too slick at times, for there were moments when the inter-camera cuts were bewilderingly frequent. But that is hypercriticism. Another pointer to the producer's triumph was that the best performances came from the smaller parts. Among them, Tucker McGuire as a garrulous switchboard operator, and Clara Meisels as the pathetic mother of a Communistically-inclined son, stand out in our memory. Abraham Sofaer, in the lead, as a smart New York lawyer, torn by his ambition, hoist with his own follies, relied more on adroitness of technique than a sincere approach to a magnificent part.

The Skin Game of John Galsworthy can scarcely claim to be a new play, either, and we rather doubted whether the theme of tradition-bound country gentleman *versus nouveau-riche* cad would hold water in a present age when cads are two-a-penny. But we had reckoned without the enduring merit of Galsworthy's writing or Royston Morley's firm but unobtrusive production. It was a Sunday evening well spent. Of the performers, Arthur Wontner, as the Gent, was noteworthy for his warmth of personality and his lack of recollection of his lines. Arthur Young, as the Cad, however, was a model of preciseness and cold, calculating ambition. Barbara Couper, as Mrs. Gent, once again provided the perfectly-played part.

Rush Job, by Denis Constanduros, on the other hand, is a new play. But we doubt whether it will show the enduring quality of the first two. It is set in an explosives factory during the last war. A sudden order comes for five thousand smoke bombs, to be ready by the following morning. While the action is confined to the efforts of the factory's inmates to fulfil it, the play is exciting and interesting. Unfortunately the author chooses to make these people behave like badly-brought-up children, with the most unconvincing psychological quirks. A romance is dragged in by the short hairs and wrecked with even less excuse. Poor play-making, that, because you should care what happens to at least one character. In this case, as long as the rush job was completed in time, we didn't give a hoot what happened to the folk who did it. The performances were average; the production, by Douglas Allen, very good indeed.

We did, however, worry what would become of the hero of *The Strange Case of Hans Krantzer*, a reconstruction of a strange story of a Swedish clerk who saw and reported a murder exactly three months before it happened. He was thrown into a lunatic asylum for his pains and kept there in spite of the efforts of Warren Armstrong, a Liverpool journalist, who investigated the matter on his behalf. When the murder eventually did occur, Krantzer was released. It is a weird story which lost nothing in its telling and production by Robert Barr, who turned in a first-rate job.

LOOKING AHEAD

MARCH 16 is a date we have heavily underlined, for a production is due which, in pre-view, sounds most exciting. It is *The Fair Queen of Wu*, derived from an episode in 500 B.C. Chinese history by D. F. Aitken, music by Madelaine Dring, choreography by Felicity Gray, décor by Stephen Bundy, and production by Philip Bate. The story, that of a girl who sacrifices her personal happiness for loyalty to her country, will be told in verse and song, while the action will be entirely danced and mimed. Sonya Hana will be in the lead with Domini Callaghan and Michel de Lutry. With a bit of luck it should be the sort of effort which television can pull off triumphantly.

Other dates for your attention:

March 11 and 15.—*School for Fathers:* Opera by Wolf-Ferrari. Production by George Foa.

March 13.—*The Sacred Flame*, by Somerset Maugham. Production by Matthew Forsyth. Mary Jerrold, Mary Kerridge, Joyce Heron.

March 14.—First of Michael Howard Series. Brian Sears producing.

March 17.—O.B. England *v.* Scotland, from Twickenham.
First of Charlie Chester Series.

March 18.—Children: *Little Women* (cut version).
Ibsen's *Ghosts*: Production by Val Gielgud and Dallas Bower. (Repeat 22nd).

March 24.—O.B. The Boat Race.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.

Eric Fawcett: For his brilliant production of Elmer Rice's drama, *Counsellor at Law.* Mr. Fawcett has probably the widest knowledge of television technique among producers. He used it to the full in this case, crowning a most impressive record.

Cyril Bitcher

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MISS IRENE WARD: For making it possible for three M.P.s to address the House of Commons.

DURING a recent Division in the House of Commons, the hat seen above on the head of its owner enabled three other M.P.s to raise points of order, duly "seated and covered." After its travels the hat was returned by Mr. McNeil, Secretary for Scotland, with a courtly bow to Miss Ward, who suggested presenting it to the House as a Parliamentary relic.

WILFRED PICKLES: For his practical method of saying "Thank you" to the coalminers with his own show, "Have a Go."

AT his own suggestion, Wilfred Pickles has set off on a two-months tour of eight mining districts, to provide a little of his own brand of cheer where he feels it is most needed. To show his appreciation of the miners' efforts he is handing his fee—paid by the National Coal Board—to various mining charities. Here he is chatting to Mr. Basil Skingle, miner at Bolsover Colliery, while engaged in filming a sequence for a TV broadcast.

RAWICZ AND LANDAUER: For completing twenty-one years' partnership at their two pianos without a quarrel.

TWENTY-ONE years ago a whistled tune brought Rawicz and Landauer together in an Austrian holiday resort. They have played two pianos together ever since. Fifteen years ago they settled in England, and this month they gave a party in London to celebrate their anniversary of harmony. "We've never had a quarrel," they told their guests.

MRS. K. ("PADDY") DALE: For collecting her fiftieth International Cap as goalkeeper for England v. Ireland on March 3.

WHEN Mrs. Dale takes the field this Saturday (March 3) at Wembley Stadium in the Women's Hockey International against Ireland, she will be standing guard over England's goal for the fiftieth time. It will be not only her International jubilee, but her first game at Wembley, which has not previously witnessed a women's hockey match.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

Photographed by Angus McBean.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI

For Making a Moving Dramatic Opera From Two Burning Modern Problems.

Iron Curtain oppression and bureaucracy would scarcely seem the obvious choice for the twin themes of an opera. Yet they are the background of Gian-Carlo Menotti's latest work, *The Consul*, which created a furore at its London première on February 7 at the Cambridge Theatre. The audience cheered and critics were united in their praise. For stark dramatic effect, there is nothing like it in the operatic repertoire, and its human problems—all too familiar nowadays—are matched by the equally dramatic music Menotti has composed.

"LA VALSE DE PARIS."—A gay and charming picture based on the association of Offenbach and a young actress named Hortense Schneider. Above: Offenbach (Pierre Fresnay) listens critically while Hortense (Yvonne Printemps) sings to him and members of his company.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"BLACKMAILED."—A pitiful waste of the talents of Fay Compton, Michael Gough, Mai Zetterling, Robert Flemyng and Dirk Bogarde in a puerile film about the consequences of shooting a chap by accident and not informing the police.

"MR. DRAKE'S DUCK."—Americans Douglas Fairbanks and Yolande Donlan are fitted into a hilariously gagged-up British farce about an Aylesbury duck who lays a uranium egg. As you watch it, you will get merrier and merrier, or grimmer and grimmer. Exactly calculated for studio audiences at a radio variety show.

"THE MATING SEASON."—Glib Hollywood comedy dealing with the embarrassments that befall a pair of turtle doves when the old birds decide to take up residence in their nest. Thelma Ritter, as the chirpier of the old birds, is really good.

"THE LONG DARK HALL."—A home-made error about an innocent man who is charged with, and nearly hanged for, a sordid murder he didn't commit. Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer drift through it looking unutterably dejected, as well they may.

"LA RÈGLE DU JEU."—A thirteen-year-old Jean Renoir film, in which the director, writer and (in this case) actor, sketched in a bitter portrait of the society of the country he was shortly to leave for Hollywood. Clever, undisciplined, and more than a mite old-fashioned.

"MANANÈGES."—A tatty little import about a tatty little wanton, which gains no merit over the Hollywood ideal of Having Fun by having it in French.

"PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."—Two classical figures brought together in an unlikely Hollywood plot presented in typical Hollywood style. Above: Pandora (Ava Gardner) learns the meaning of love for the first time on meeting a strange Dutch sailor (James Mason).

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS by C. A. LEJEUNE

"LA VALSE DE PARIS"

I HAVE completely lost my heart to *The Paris Waltz*. I thought for the first few minutes that I was going to be proofed against it, as a young man and woman embraced in a dark doorway, tip-toed upstairs to a bedroom rendezvous, and were disturbed by the young woman's plump mother in her night attire, with various farcical complications. But all of a sudden the film *began*, and I realised that those opening scenes had just been the traditional gambit of the classical French theatre playing for position, as it has done for countless generations. I think the method, in this case, regrettable, but I appreciate its pedigree, and the picture itself, when it arrives, is gloriously worth waiting for.

The slender story of *The Paris Waltz* may be based on truth, or it may not. It deals with the association of the composer Offenbach and a young actress named Hortense Schneider, who played the lead in all his great successes, led him the devil of a dance in private life, and gave him the inspiration for his operette, *La Belle Helene*.

I think it must be true, up to a point, for the simple reason that no ravishingly attractive, marvellously gifted, and utterly fictional young woman seems likely to have *chosen* a name like Hortense Schneider. She would have called herself Marguerite, or Fifi, or, in the fashion of the times, possibly Violette; or maybe some other flowery name, such as that of the wonderful artist who interprets her in the picture—Yvonne Printemps. Schneider? I think *not* Schneider.

At any rate, fact or fiction, the affair of Offenbach and his Hortense, and the affairs of Hortense with a comic actor, a prince of the Empire, a Russian general, an impressionable Caliph and several other urgent admirers, make up a picture that is gay, charming, effervescent, and almost giddily filled with music. The director, Marcel Achard, has wit, a light hand and a most elegant turn of style. His sketches of the fashionable world of Paris in the 1870's—driving in the park, rowing on the formal lake, adorning the boxes at the theatre, waltzing in the illuminated gardens of Fontainebleau—are a constant delight to the eye and a gratification to the mind.

Pierre Fresnay moves daintily through the part of the fastidious Offenbach, with the bright eye, cocked head, and hop, skip and jump of a bird, and, above all, to enchant us, there is the amazing Printemps. For once we have an actress who is really as irresistible as the charmer she is supposed to be. What a bewitching creature the creature is, with her impetuous grace, her adorable little heart-shaped face, and the tricky control of the small, clear voice that makes one feel she can sing for ever!

★

"PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"

WHAT an extraordinary combination of mythologies! You may ask what on earth they are doing in each other's company—the legendary hero familiarised to us by Wagner, and the legendary lady made out of each by Hephæstus. And if I tell you that one of the things they are doing is reading a copy of Omar Khayyám, lent them by an English archæologist in a streamlined yacht off the coast of Spain, you will have cause to marvel more than ever.

This association is the brainwave of one Albert Lewin, a graduate of Harvard and Hollywood. Mr. Lewin dismisses poor Senta from the story without even an honourable mention. In vain have generations of bouncing operatic soprani leapt from a painted cliff on to a mattress in the wings, in the belief that they were saving the immortal soul of the Flying Dutchman. Her sacrifice, it appears, did him no good at all. The Dutchman had to keep on flying until he met the reincarnation of Pandora, who spoke with a pronounced American accent and sang in night-clubs for her living.

The original Pandora, as you may remember, was gifted by the gods with perfect charm and beauty, but also with deceit, flattery, cunning and curiosity. When forbidden to open a box entrusted to her as a dowry, she just naturally opened it, and out flew all the human ills, leaving only Hope at the bottom. It is Mr. Lewin's notion, I suppose, that the man without hope should properly turn for salvation to the woman who brings hope as her dowry; and there is something in the notion, although not very much.

The film was made in Europe, with a largely British supporting cast, and James Mason and Ava Gardner in the leading parts, but in style and invention it remains pure Hollywood. Some of the Technicolor photography is impressive, with a hint of moonspun magic on the moonlit Spanish sands, and Mr. Mason, with very little help from his associates, does get a touch of moonstruck majesty into his rôle. But the plot, which somehow involves a racing motorist (Nigel Patrick) and a Spanish bullfighter (Mario Cabre), as well as the archæologist (Harold Warrender) who tells the tale, is banal and absurd; Miss Gardner seems much too busy changing gowns to act; and the dialogue, on the whole, has more mooning than meaning.

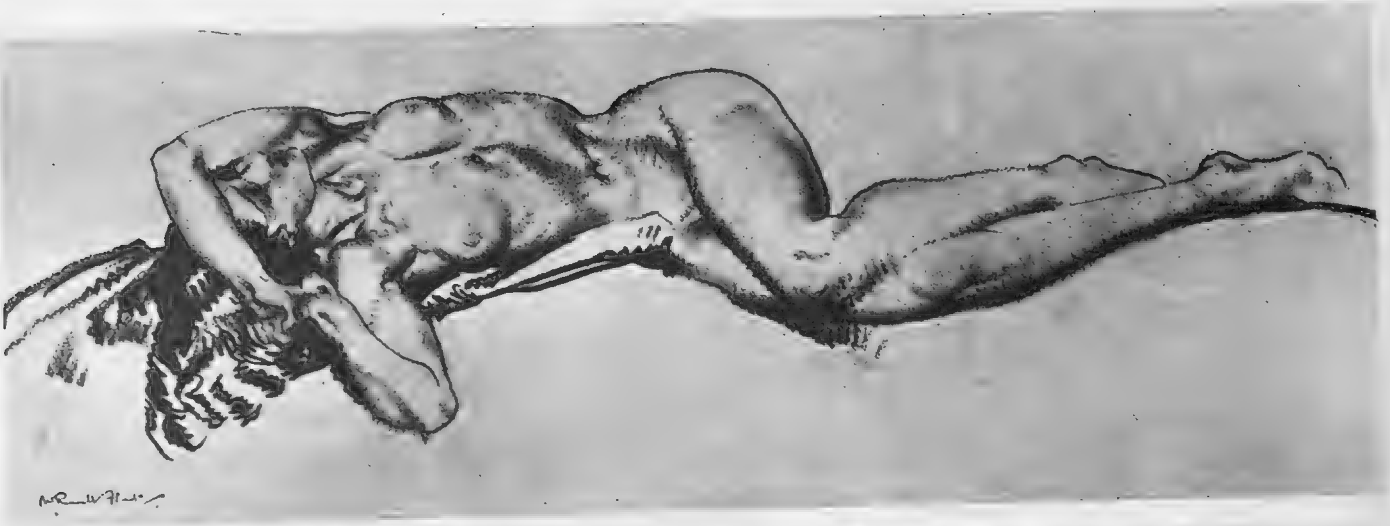
CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

IN *No Highway*, James Stewart has one of his customary comedy parts—sincere, blundering, somewhat eccentric. His job is concerned with aircraft research, about which he has some strong, but at the same time rather strange, theories. Much of the action of the story takes place in and around a new type of aircraft which is making a transatlantic flight. Marlene Dietrich and Glynis Johns have the two feminine leads : Marlene's rôle is that of a world-famous actress who happens to be travelling on the plane, and Glynis takes the part of the air hostess.

Right : Theodore Honey (James Stewart) is questioned about his theories by his new chief, Dennis Scott (Jack Hawkins).

Below : Famous actress Monica Teasdale (Marlene Dietrich), *en route* for America, accepts a light from air hostess Marjorie Corder (Glynis Johns).



SICILIAN MODEL

HELEN IN PINK

STUDIES IN SEPIA

ORIGINALLY for his own satisfaction, Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., over a long period made many drawings of his favourite models, scenes and subjects. Last year a collection of these was published by Collins, under the title "Drawings." On this page we reproduce four typical examples.

HEATHER

Photographed by Karl Gullers.

BALLERINA ALFRESCO

SUMMER sunshine gilds the temple in the grounds of Stockholm's Haga Palace, as Baroness Elsa-Marianne von Rosen moves down its steps *sur les pointes.* This Swedish danseuse, of fairy-like looks, is dancing now with Julius Mengarelli and the Swedish Ballet Company, at the Princes Theatre. She studied under Alexandrova and under Mme. Volkova, and she has danced solo in Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet touring Europe and North Africa; and in London as guest of the Metropolitan Ballet.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

Princess Margaret will visit Sadler's Wells' Ballet School on March 1.

The King and Queen will visit Lancashire in connection with the 600th anniversary of the County Palatine on March 6 and 7.

The Queen will see a collection of export models of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers at Warwick House, London, on March 12.

The King and Queen will hold afternoon presentation parties at Buckingham Palace, March 13 and 14.

CUPID

The engagement is announced between :

Lieut. John Patrick **Fisher**, R.N., son of Brigadier and Mrs. A. F. Fisher, of Fairfield, Downton, Wilts, and Patricia, daughter of S. H. **Le Roy-Lewis**, O.B.E., of Farnham, Surrey, and Mrs. Bettye Le Roy-Lewis, of 23, Westbourne Street, W.2.

David **Stuart**, of Coln St. Aldwyn Manor, Glos, son of the Rt. Hon. James Stuart, M.P., and Lady Rachel Stuart, and Marian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald **Wilson**, Redlands Court, Highworth, Wilts.

Captain David Peter Sherwood **Wilson**, M.B.E., R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Wilson, of Blaysworth Manor, Bushmead, Bedford, and Monica Elizabeth Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon **Crosdale**, of Cold Ash, Newbury, Berks.

John Stephen **Lloyd**, M.C., son of Captain and Mrs. Clifford Lloyd, of Duffields, Medmenham, Bucks, and Joy, daughter of Mr. Ayshford **Sanford**, of Chipley Park, Wellington, Somerset, and Mrs. Sanford, of 1, Sterling Street, S.W.7.

Robert Alexander, son of the late J. A. **French**, and of Mrs. French, of Glasgow, and Lady Iona Mary **Abney-Hastings**, daughter of the Countess of Loudoun, Loudoun Castle, Ayrshire.

Walter, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. **Dettwiler**, of 56, Curzon Street, W.1, and Diana Mary, daughter of Sir Eric and Lady **Young**, of West Ridge, Reigate, Surrey.

John Marcus, son of Sir Cecil **Kisch**, of 21, Pembroke Square, W.8. and Gillian May, daughter of the late Sir Kenneth **Poyser** and of Lady Poyser, of Westwood, Dunsford, Surrey.

SPORT

RACING

March 1. Windsor and Ludlow.
,, 2-3. Catterick and Kempton.
,, 3 and 5. Worcester.
,, 6, 7, 8. NATIONAL HUNT MEETING, Cheltenham.
,, 9-10. Hurst Park.
,, 12-13. Wolverhampton.
,, 14-15. Fontwell Park.
,, 15. Taunton.
,, 16-17. GRAND MILITARY MEETING, Sandown.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The following matches will take place at Twickenham :
March 3. Royal Navy *v.* The Army.
,, 17. England *v.* Scotland.
,, 31. The Army *v.* R.A.F.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"A Penny for a Song" (Haymarket)—by John Whiting, a comedy set in 1804; with Ronald Squire, Basil Radford and Marie Lohr. March 1.

Variety (Prince of Wales)—a limited season opening March 5.

"Folies Bergere" (Hippodrome)—entirely new Festival Year version. March 6.

"Count Your Blessings" (Wyndham's)—new Ronald Jeans comedy, with Joyce Redman and Naunton Wayne. March 7.

"Kiss Me, Kate" (Coliseum)—the Broadway musical success, with Patricia Morison and Bill Johnson; Cole Porter's lyrics and music. March 8.

"Latin Quarter, 1951" (London Casino)—new version with entirely new cast, production and décor. March 10.

Donald O'Connor, George and Bert Bernard and Pat Kirkwood (London Palladium)—a two-week programme opening March 12 which starts a new 32-week season of variety.

"Electra" and "The Wedding" (Old Vic)—classics by Sophocles and Chekov. March 13.

"The Seventh Veil" (Princes)—by Muriel and Sidney Box, based on their film; with Ann Todd, Leo Genn and Herbert Lom. March 14.

"The Passing Day" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—a play by George Sheils, given by the newly-formed Northern Ireland Theatre Company. March 20.

"Intimate Relations" (Arts)—a new translation of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles," with Fay Compton. March 21.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall :

March 3. At 2.30: the Royal Choral Society presents Verdi's Requiem, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. At 7.30: The Henry Wood Birthday Promenade Concert, with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the B.B.C. Singers conducted by Basil Cameron. Soloists: Vera Canning and Moiseiwitsch.

March 4. At 3: the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloist: Eileen Joyce. At 7: the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Royalton Kisch. Soloist: Lance Dossor.

March 6. At 7.30: the New Era Concert Society presents Victoria De Los Angeles in a song recital.

March 7. At 8: the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

March 8. At 7.30: The London Philharmonic Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Choir conducted by Jean Martinon.

March 9. At 7.30: the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwangler; a concert of Wagner music.

March 11. At 11 and 2.30: the Bach Choir presents St. Matthew Passion, with the Jacques Orchestra conducted by Dr. Reginald Jacques. At 7.30: the Orchestral Concerts Society presents the first of a Cycle of 5 Beethoven concerts, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Solo pianoforte: Denis Matthews.

March 14. At 8: the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Solo violin: Campoli.

OPERA

At Sadler's Wells: the opera season continues.

At the Cambridge Theatre, London: "The Consul," Gian-Carlo Menotti's successful opera from New York, with Patricia Neway and all-American cast.

BALLET

At Sadler's Wells: the ballet season continues with performances on Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinées.

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Sadler's Wells' Ballet give "The Sleeping Beauty" at every performance until March 10; followed by "Cinderella," March 12-21.

At Princes Theatre, London: The Swedish Ballet, with Elsa-Marianne von Rosen. Until March 10.

ART

At Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House: Holbein and Other Masters. Ecole de Paris. Until March 7.

At Victoria and Albert Museum: Rothenstein Collection; Indian Paintings, and the newly-opened Renaissance Galleries. March 9.

At Arts Council, 4, St. James's Square: Pisan Sculpture. March 10-31.

At the Guildhall: Society of Tempora Painters and Mural Decorators. March 8 to April 5.

At the Tate Gallery: Edward Wadsworth Memorial Exhibition. Until March 18.

At Institute of Contemporary Arts: 17, Dover Street, Humphrey Jennings Memorial Exhibition. Until March 9. Paintings from Haiti. March 14 to April 10.

New Paintings by L. S. Lowry, at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street. March 8-31.

Paintings by Ruskin Spear, Charles Murray and Guy Burn, at Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. March 2-22.

Open Assembly, at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Until March 17.

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street. Until March 15.

18th-Century Venice, at Whitechapel Art Gallery. Until March 14.

French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, 4th Series, at Marlborough, 17, Old Bond Street. Until March 31.

Watercolours by Albert Goodwin, 1845-1932, at Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. March 7-28.

Recent Paintings by Victor Brauer and Jean Hugo, at Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, Hanover Square, March 13 to April 7.

French 18th-Century Interior, pictures, furniture, *objets d'art* at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Première of the film "The Browning Version" at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on March 15, and will be in aid of the National Advertising Benevolent Society.

The Third Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the Chelsea branch of the N.S.P.C.C., on March 16.

The New Forest Hunt Ball will be held on Friday, March 30, at Rhinefield, Brockenhurst, Hants.

The world première of the film "Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.," at Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors and the Foudroyant Appeal, on April 12. Princess Margaret will attend.

ENGAGEMENTS

Fayer.

Miss Angela Buckley, who is to marry Mr. Joseph Robertson Cooke-Hurle on March 17.

Dorothy Wilding.

Lord Holden and his fiancée, Mrs. Constance Mackness, widow of Lieut. Charles Mackness.

Fayer.

Miss Belinda Constable-Maxwell, who announced her engagement in December to Viscount Ikerrin, only son of the Earl of Carrick.

Navana Vandyk.

Lady Iona Abney-Hastings, daughter of the Countess of Loudoun, whose marriage to Mr. R. A. French will take place shortly. (See opposite page.)

Fayer.

Mr. M. N. Conville and Miss E. A. Cook, who announced their engagement in January.

Fayer.

Miss A. Nettlefold, daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. H. Nettlefold and the Marchioness of Tweeddale, who is to marry Mr. D. Wynn-Williams.

Fayer.

Miss Betty Legerton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Legerton, who is to marry Mr. E. D. Dettmer on March 30.

Pearl Freeman.

Miss Sheena Margaret Grant, who is to marry Lieut. P. A. Bence-Trower, R.N., at St. George's, Hanover Square, on June 9.

ENTERTAINMENT

Houston Rogers

Joan Heal, amusing revue, musical-comedy and television actress, now in cabaret at the Café de Paris until mid-March.

"Lady" Patachou, who has a *penchant* for snipping off men's ties, is in cabaret at the Embassy Club, Bond Street.

Vivienne.

Peggy Ashcroft has the leading rôle in *Electra*, the Old Vic's next production, opening on March 13. (See opposite page.)

Lilo—pronounced "Lee-Lo"—who comes from Paris to star in the new *Folies Bergère* on March 6. (See opposite page.)

Donald O'Connor, American singing film and radio star, who comes to the Palladium for two weeks on March 12. (See opposite page.)

Actress and cabaret star Julie Wilson plays Bianca in *Kiss Me Kate* at the Coliseum on March 8. (See opposite page.)

John Vickers.

Joyce Redman in *Count Your Blessings* at Wyndham's on March 7. (See opposite page.)

David Markham plays the name-part in Peter Cotes's production of *Hamlet* at the New Boltons Theatre, Drayton Gardens, opening on March 6.

"I'd like you to meet my sire and dam . . ."

"Dad will soon be home, dear."

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EVENING ENSEMBLE

By Veronica Lee

ATTENTION to detail is one of fashion's watchwords for the evening—detail which blends, enhances and completes, whether it involves a diamond necklace or a silver slipper. Below is Norman Hartnell's strapless crinoline of silver-grey silk tulle lightly embroidered with gold paillettes. To go with it we chose Rayne's delicate sandal, Ophelia, obtainable in gold or silver kid, and also in satin. We then selected a diamanté bag with frame and clasp of seed pearls and silver bugles from Susan Handbags, of Bond Street. And, last but not least, a fabulous suite of diamond jewellery which, incidentally, may be exhibited at the Festival of Britain as an example of British craftsmanship. For the setting of this suite the new precious metal, palladium—sister-metal of platinum—was specially chosen on account of its light weight and lustrous colour.

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and blouses.

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the office — she seems to

do nothing about it.

Her landlady notes that an armful

of gossamer garments —

blouses among them — gets rinsed

through at odd moments

and are seen on the bath-rail

next morning, dry . . .

frills floating, no

creases . . .

Mysterious ? no—

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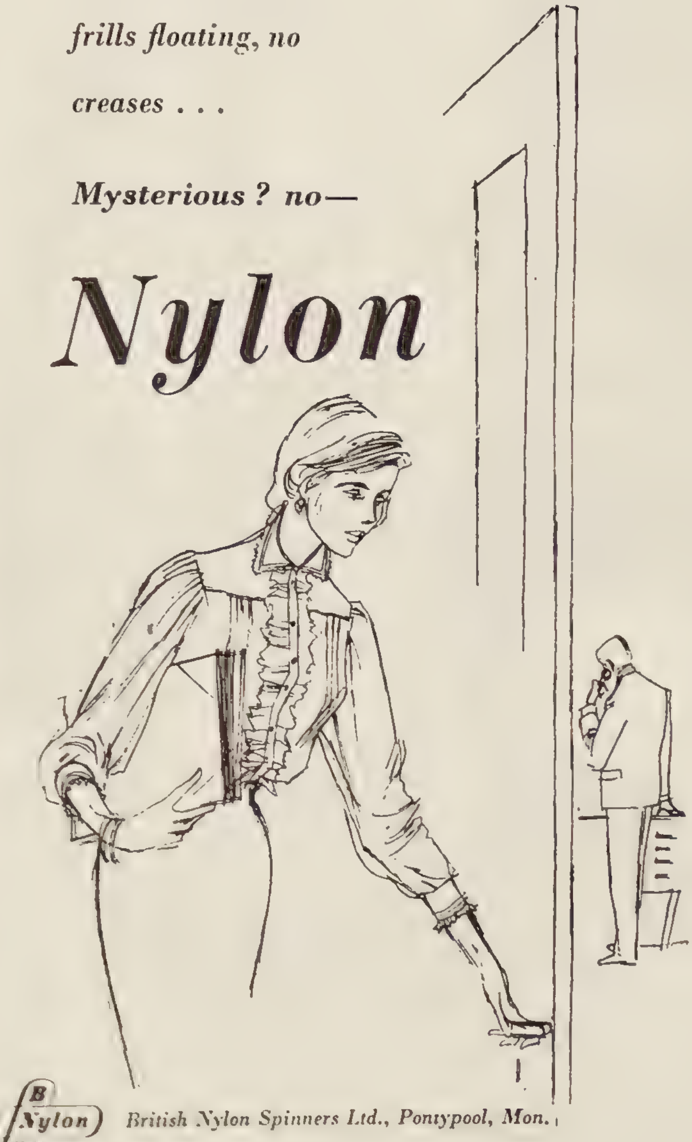


BNS Nylon — *British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon.*

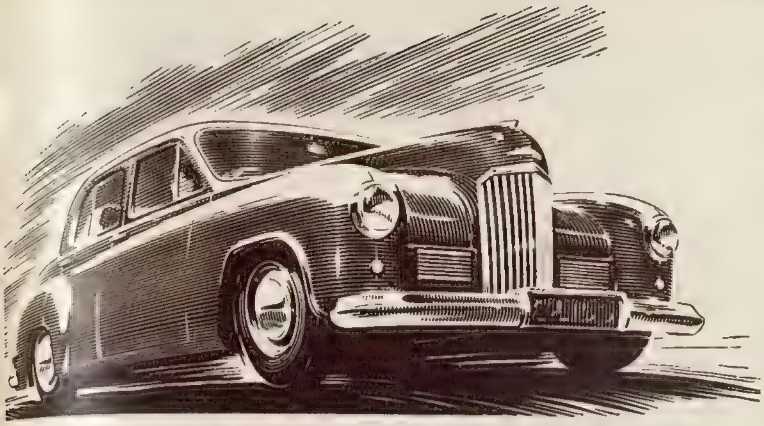
EVENING ENSEMBLE

By Veronica Lee

Right: From Selfridge's comes this Mandell model in white grosgrain, very reasonably priced at £17 5s. Its asymmetrical lines with side pannier effect are essentially 1951—as are the gold sequin and bead-embroidered wheat-ears.

Below: "Young Laughter" is the name of this navy and white taffeta model from Jan Ricardo's Little Salon, priced at 27 guineas. Little Salon prices, by the way, come strictly within the boundary of 18—28 guineas, and these models, all of which are made of Jacqmar materials, are made to measure with one fitting.

Below, right: Suitable for either of these gowns is this young-looking jacket in white mink from the "Calman Links Chez Balmain" spring fur collection. The National Fur Company, of Brompton Road, are presenting the collection and will copy models either in mink or less costly furs.



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The Odd Half-Page

" . . . . BY ANY OTHER NAME"

By James Dowdall

EVERY morning, at half-past six, I am woken up by a penetrating rendering of Jeremiah Clarke's Trumpet Voluntary from below my window. The performer is my newspaper boy, and I often wondered why he had strayed so far from the more homely world of Puddy Tats and Bang-bang-bangs and chosen for his signature-tune this wistful echo from the Golden Age. No doubt it had taken his fancy because the sustained trill on the second note gave him scope to show off his technical skill, acquired as a bird imitator with the Boy Scouts. But how had he learned it in the first place ?

And then, one morning, I found that the answer was the missing piece in a jigsaw of other incidents which had somehow stuck in my memory. There had been the barman who, nodding his head at the radio which was at work on Tchaikovsky's Intermezzo, had remarked sagely, " Smashin', ain't it ? One of 'Arry Roy's things. ' Hintermezzow fer Two,' they call it." And he had started to accompany it in a plaintive, caterwauling tenor, " Hintermezzow. HinterMEZZOW fer Two-o-o." There had been the two youths in American ties, engaged in a partisan slanging match as to whether Maxine Sullivan had pinched the idea for " Annie Laurie " from a few bars in " The Highland Swing." There had been the time when I heard Chopin's A Major Polonaise introduced as " The Theme Song from ' A Song to Remember.' " Obviously, therefore, the Voluntary must have been taken up as the introductory number for a film or radio feature called " Fanfare for the Stars," or something of the sort. Culture had clearly come to the masses.

Now it is well known that if you ask the fourth form at some Council schools—which shall be nameless—where knives come from, they will roar out as one man, " The Railway Hotel, Sir ! " For we are an independent nation and are only interested in the origins of things in so far as they concern themselves. We deal with the middleman, and the wholesaler's name and problems are no business of ours. And because of this, any enlightened school-child over twelve can add the author's names to *Treasure Island* (Walt Disney), *Great Expectations* (David Lean ; the convict's name, incidentally, was Eric Maschwitz), *Vice-Versa* (Peter Ustinov), and the new *Quo Vadis* (Sam Goldwyn). The latter, in passing, might have been well advised to de-highbrowise its name for the benefit of those who some years ago felt that they had been sold a false prospectus because they had seen a film which, in spite of its title, had contained no character called Mr. Leslie Miserables—known to his intimates as " Les."

Yet though their dream has at last come true, one must spare a tear for those now ageing schoolmasters who have been waiting so many years for canned entertainment to turn its hand to educating the submerged tenth in literature, history and music.

" Alfred," they ask, with a beating heart, " I am sure you can tell me who it was who asked the famous question : ' Dr. Livingstone I presume ? ' "

" Yes, Sir. It was Spencer Tracy ! "

" Well, well. And can you name any of the characters from the *Canterbury Tales* ? "

" No, Sir. But I know one on 'em was an American Top-Sergeant ! "

" Oh, really ? Well, can anybody tell me why Olivia sat like patience on a monument ? "

" Perhaps he was waitin' for somebody outside the Ol' Vick, Sir ? "

The great and good, however, have no cause for complaint against the advertising world who, instead of smothering their names beneath their own, have trumpeted them far and wide in places where they might otherwise have never been heard of at all. Gainsborough, for example, would be almost unknown east of Aldgate Pump had he not become established as a leading film magnate who advertises his pictures with a cameo of a lady in a huge, flowered hat whom we would bet a bob is Miss Margaret Lockwood. Nor that lovable old brewer, Dr. Johnson. And neither Hercules nor Raleigh has ever enjoyed such prestige as they have done since they became top-ranking names in the bicycle industry.

Yet, as they swoop dreamily round the Palais de Danse to the strains of Benny Hamburger's " Liebestraum," " The Swan Lake Strut," and the new Samba, adapted from Colonel Britton's famous war-song, " The V. Symphony," or pore, on their homeward journey on the bus, over a copy of *Hamlet—The Book of the Film*, the cultured bobby-soxers are agog to take their part in the serious business of criticism. They have known Shakespeare since, long before his Technicolor début, he wrote the lyric for Arthur Young's *It Was a Lover and his Lass.* And so they feel entitled, as was reported the other day, to emerge from a performance of *Henry V.* and remark that the film was far better, and they can't figure out why they tried to make it into a play. And few more pungent comments have ever been made by the late James Agate than that of another who, adjusting her head-scarf as the lights went up after the end of *Œdipus Rex*, sighed to her companion, " M-m-m. Makes *Perchance to Dream* look a bit—tawdry ? "

There is, however, no reason to be snobbish about it. Probably the time will come when our own leading writers will find themselves being scooped up by the opportunists of the next century, and a film will make its name through that charmingly revived old ballad, " Somebody stole my Gal-oshes." And what matter if they do ? For art, after all, gives pleasure according as you look at it—as the man said when, just as Pavlova was shimmering to the floor at the end of her farewell performance in Edinburgh, a rich Morningside voice behind him observed, " Look now, Chrissie ? Isn't she just *turribly* like Mrs. Whishart ? "

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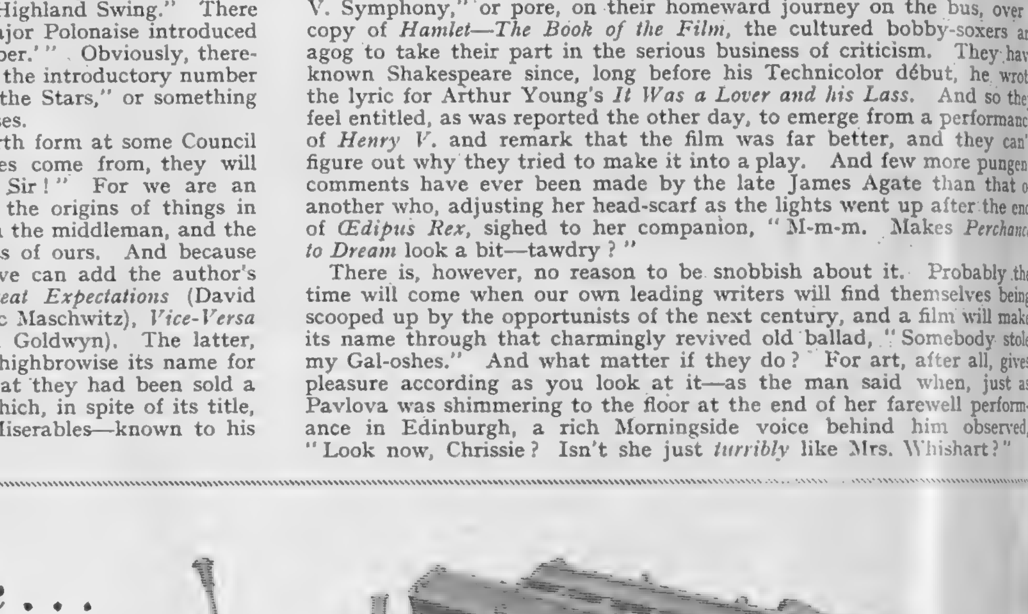

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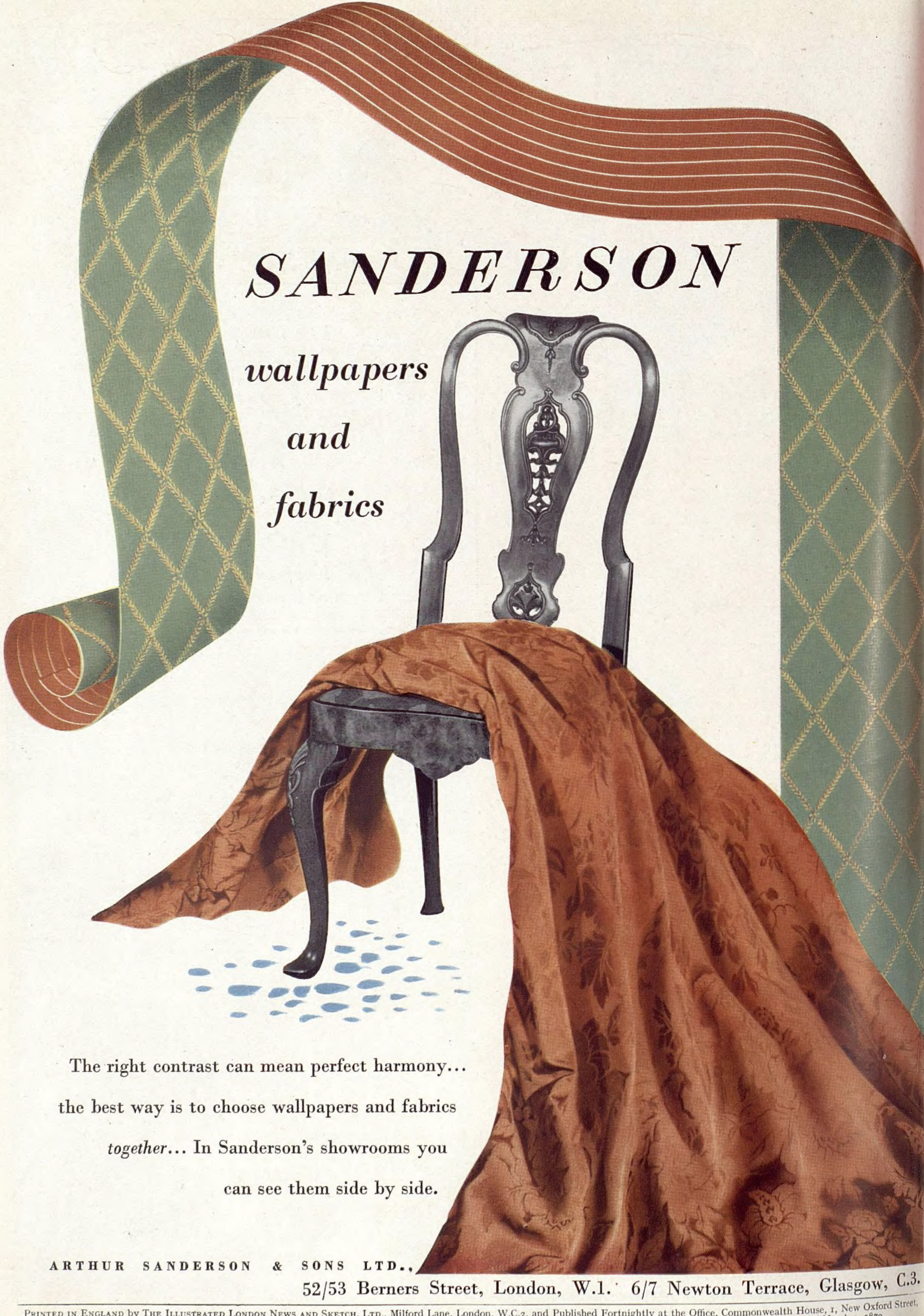

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